

THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Tough fast and dark the clouds are drift-
ing near.
Though time has little left for hope and
very much for fear.
Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter and the head must
bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the
bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us,
Who, on the valley's verge, stand trem-
bling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft,
faint, but luminous.
We can give kindly speech
And ready, helping hand to all and each,
And patience to the young around by smil-
ing silence teach.

We can give gentle thought
And charity, by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by
toll and failure wrought.
We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness, unjarred
By the keen aims of power or joy that
make youth cold and hard.

And, if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold, would fain fare on un-
checked,
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all
that young eyes expect,
Why, do thy day's work still.
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to
chill;
And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the
work-worn hands to fill.
—All the Year Round.

THE STURGIS WAGER
A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"That is just the point," replied Sturgis; "another witness will be biased by his interests or prejudices, blinded by jealousy, love or hatred, or handicapped by overzealousness, stupidity, lack of memory, or what not. Circumstantial evidence is always impartial, truthful, absolute. When the geologist reads the history of the earth, as it is written in its crust; when a Kepler or a Newton formulates the immutable laws of the universe, as they are recorded in the motions of the heavenly bodies, they draw their conclusions from evidence which is entirely circumstantial."

"Yes; but you forget that science has often been mistaken in its conclusions," interrupted Sprague, "so that it has constantly been necessary to alter theories to fit newly acquired or better understood facts."

"Granted," rejoined Sturgis, "but that is because the interpreters of the evidence are fallible; not because the evidence itself is incomplete. The same cause will always produce the same effect; the same chain of events will invariably terminate in one and the same catastrophe. The apparent deviations from this law are due to unrecognized differences in the producing causes, to additional or missing links in the chain of evidence. Therefore I hold that a criminal, however clever he may be, leaves behind him a complete trace of his every act, from which his crime may be reconstructed with absolute certainty by a competent detective."

"In short, 'Murder will out!'" said a man who had been a silent listener to the conversation up to this point. He spoke with a quiet smile, which barely escaped being a polite sneer.

Sturgis' keen eyes met his interlocutor's as he replied gravely: "I should hardly care to make so sweeping an affirmation, Dr. Murdock. I have merely stated that the history of every crime is indelibly written in tangible evidence. The writing is on the wall, but of course a blind man cannot see it, nor can an illiterate man understand it. Every event, however trivial, owes its occurrence to a natural cause, and leaves its indelible impress upon nature. The Indian on the trail reads with an experienced eye the story of his enemy's passage, as it has been recorded in trodden turf and broken twigs; while the bloodhound follows, with unerring judgment, a still surer though less tangible trail. The latter's quarry has left behind, at every step, an invisible, impalpable, and yet unmistakable part of itself. Perhaps my meaning can be made clear by an illustration. When a photographer in his dark room takes an exposed plate from his camera, it is apparently a blank; but in reality there is upon this plate the minutely detailed history of an event, which, in proper hands, can be brought before the least competent of observers as irrefutable evidence. Here, the actinic rays of the sunlight are the authors of the evidence; but every natural force, in one way or another, conspires with the detective to run the criminal to earth."

"Unless," suggested Murdock, "the ability happens to be on the side of the quarry; in which case, the conspiracy of nature's forces turns against the hunter."

"Ah!" retorted the reporter, "the game is not an equal one. The dice are loaded. For while on the one hand the detective, if he falls into an error, has a lifetime in which to correct it, any misstep on the part of the criminal is fatal. And who is infallible?"

"Not the detective, at any rate," answered Murdock, with suave irony. "It has always seemed to me that the halo which has been conferred upon him, chiefly through the efforts of imaginative writers of sensational fiction, is entirely undeserved. In the first place, most of the crimes of which we hear are committed either by men of a low order of intelligence or else by madmen, or which latter category I include all criminals acting under the impulse of any of the passions—hatred, love, jealousy, anger. And then, while the detective takes good care that his successes shall be proclaimed from the housetops, he is equally careful to smother all accounts, or to suppress

every detail, of his failures, whenever there is any possibility of so doing. You can cite, I know, plenty of cases in which, even after the lapse of years, the crime has been discovered and the criminal has been confronted with his guilt, but—"

"In my opinion," piped the shrill voice of an elderly man of clerical aspect, "conscience is the surest detective, after all."

"Conscience!" retorted Murdock, calmly; "the word is a euphemism. Man gives the name of conscience to his fear of discovery and punishment. There is no such thing as conscience in the criminal who has absolute confidence in his power to escape detection."

"But where is the man who can have that superb confidence in himself?" asked Sprague.

"His name is probably legion," answered Murdock, quickly. "He is the author of every crime whose history remains forever unwritten."

"And are these really so numerous?" "Let us see how the case stands in one single class of crime—say, for instance, murder. Whenever the solution of a sensational murder mystery is effected by the detectives, or by their allies, the gentlemen of the press, like our friend Mr. Sturgis, we, the gullible public, vociferously applaud the achievements of these guardians of the public safety, and forthwith proceed to award them a niche in the temple of Fame. So far, so good. But what of the dark mysteries which remain forever unsolved? What of the numerous crimes of which no one ever even knows?"

"Oh! come now, doctor," laughed Sprague, "isn't it rather paradoxical to base your argument on the assumption of crimes of whose very existence you admit you have no knowledge?"

Murdock smiled grimly as he replied: "Go to the morgue of any large city, where the unrecognized dead are exposed for identification. Aside from the morbid crowd which is drawn to such a place by uncanny curiosity, you will find that each corpse is anxiously scanned by numbers of people, each of whom is seeking a missing friend or relative. At the most each body can furnish the key to only one mystery. Then what of the scores, ay, the hundreds of others?"

After a short pause, he continued:

"No; murder will not out—at least not when the criminal is what I might call a professional, a man of genius in his vocation, educated, intelligent, dispassionate, scientific. Fortunately for the reputation of the detective, amateur and professional, the genius in the criminal line is necessarily of a modest and retiring disposition. He cannot call the public attention to his ingenuity and skill; he cannot puff his achievements in the daily press. Not only are his masterpieces unsigned, but they remain forever unheard of. The detective is known only by his successes; the criminal's reputation is based solely upon his failures."

Dr. Murdock delivered this parting shot with the cool deliberateness which



"AH! THIS WILL DO."

was characteristic of the man. The insolent irony of his words was emphasized by the calmness of his bearing.

"I say, doctor," laughed Sprague. "You have missed your vocation. You should have adopted the profession of scientific criminal yourself. You seem to possess the theory of the science as it is, and a little experience would no doubt have made you an adept in the practice as well."

A look of mild amusement passed over Murdock's countenance.

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Sprague. At any rate, I think I may affirm, without overweening conceit, that if I had followed the course you suggest, I could have prepared for your friend Mr. Sturgis some pretty little problems on which to sharpen his wits. I feel that I could have been an artist as well as a scientist in that line."

"You might console yourself by writing an interesting and valuable book, under some such title as 'Hints to the Young Criminal,' or 'Crime as a Fine Art.' At all events, your criminals of genius have a staunch advocate in you. But what on earth have the detectives done to you to call forth this wholesale vituperation?"

"Nothing. But, as a disinterested observer, I like to see fair play. If I am mistaken in my estimation of the modern detective, I am open to conviction. I have \$5,000 to wager against \$100 that I can pick up any daily paper and from its columns select an unsolved riddle, to which no detective on the face of the earth can give the answer. Have I any taker, gentlemen?"

As he spoke, his eyes met Sturgis' and suddenly seemed to flash with an earnest defiance, which instantly melted into the calm, cynical smile of the man of the world.

"Done," said Sturgis, quietly.

"Very well, Mr. Sturgis," observed Dr. Murdock, indifferently. "I shall confine myself to the columns of your own newspaper for the selection of the problem upon which you are to work."

"And," he added, with a supercilious smile, "you are at liberty to fix the limit of time in which the wager must be decided."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed a young broker. "This is becoming interesting, and promises some sport for those of us who are giddy enough to enjoy staking something on this novel contest. I, for one, am willing to lay reasonable odds on the side of law and order, as represented by the enlightened press, in the person of our clever friend Sturgis. Come, Chadwick, will you to one against the scientific criminal tempt you to champion the cause of that apparently unappreciated individual?"

"Very well, Fred," answered the man addressed; "I'll take you for a hundred."

A few similar bets were laughingly arranged and a copy of the Evening

Tempest was sent for.

CHAPTER III.

DR. MURDOCK'S PROBLEM.

Sprague's stag dinner was virtually over when a servant brought in a copy of the Evening Tempest. The dessert had been removed, the coffee and liqueurs had been served, and the guests had lighted their cigars. The host passed the newspaper to Dr. Murdock, who proceeded to glance leisurely through its columns.

"Ah! this will do," he exclaimed, at last. "Here is something which will, I think, answer our purpose."

"MYSTERIOUS SHOTS IN WALL STREET."

WHO FIRED THEM?

STORY OF A STRAY SATCHEL.
THE POLICE PUZZLED.

"While on his beat, at a quarter past five o'clock this afternoon, Policeman John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank—"

"The Knickerbocker bank!" interrupted the young broker. "Mr. Dunlap, that interests you. Do your directors indulge in pistol practice at the board meetings?"

"What is that about the Knickerbocker bank?" asked the man to whom this speech was addressed. Having been engaged with his neighbor in an earnest discussion on financial questions, he had not been listening to the general conversation.

Murdock adjusted his eyeglasses and quietly resumed:

"Policeman John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank, in Wall Street, started at the top of his speed toward that building. When he was within about 20 yards of the bank another shot rang out, and at the same instant a man darted down the steps and ran toward Broadway."

Richard Dunlap, president of the Knickerbocker bank, was listening attentively enough now. Behind the calm mask of the financier there was the evident anxiety of the bank president. For the stability of a bank, like the honor of a woman, is at the mercy of every passing rumor.

"He carried in his hand a small satchel, which he dropped as soon as he saw that he was pursued. After an exciting chase Flynn overtook him, whom he recognized as Michael Quinlan, alias Shorty Duff, a well-known sneak thief. On the way back to the bank the policeman questioned his prisoner about the pistol shots. Quinlan vehemently denied having fired them; but admitted that he had stolen the satchel. His story is that, as he was passing the bank, the outer door was ajar. Seeing the satchel in the vestibule, he entered, crouching low in order to avoid being seen through the finer holes, the upper portion of which is of plate glass. Scarcely had he laid his hands upon the satchel when he was startled by the report of a pistol. For a moment he was dazed and undecided how to act. Then, as no one seemed to take any notice of his presence, he was quietly slipping off, when a second shot was fired. Panic-stricken, he took to his heels, only to be captured by Flynn."

"On reaching the bank Flynn found the outer door closed, but not fastened. The heavy iron gate between it and the inner door was securely locked, however, so that it was impossible to enter. The Knickerbocker bank has a second entrance on Exchange place. But this, too, is protected by a massive iron gate, which also was found locked. Flynn rapped for assistance, and the call having been answered by Policemen Kilpatrick and O'Donnell, he left the former to watch the Exchange place door, and the latter to guard the entrance on Wall street, while he took his prisoner to the police station."

"Messengers were at once dispatched to the house of Richard Dunlap, the president of the bank, and to that of Mr. George S. Rutherford, the cashier. The former was not at home, and the family being out of town, there was no one who knew where he was spending the evening."

Every eye turned toward Richard Dunlap as this paragraph was read. His features remained impassive, under the full control of the veteran financier; but to an observant eye like Sturgis', the man's real anxiety was betrayed by the unconscious action of his right hand, which lay upon the table and played nervously with a fork.

"Yes," said the banker, carelessly, feeling the curious gaze of the other guests upon him, and answering their unspoken questions, "yes, that is true; I did not tell my housekeeper that I was invited to dine by our friend Sprague this evening. There was, of course, no reason why I should. Well, Dr. Murdock, did they find Rutherford?"

Murdock had looked up while the banker was speaking. He now leisurely found his place and continued the reading of the article in the Tempest:

"The cashier fortunately was at home, and he hurried down town at once with his set of bank keys. Two detectives from the central office accompanied him, and the three men carefully searched the premises. They found nothing out of the way there, except that three gas jets were lighted and turned on full blaze. At first the detectives were inclined to think that bank robbers had gained an entrance to the building; and that one of them, having caught sight of Shorty Duff as he reached in to steal the satchel from the vestibule, had fired upon him. This would explain the pistol shots heard by Flynn. A careful examination of the bank, however, failed to reveal any trace of a bullet."

"The vault, when opened, proved to contain only a change of linen for a man and a few toilet articles of but slight intrinsic value. The satchel itself is an ordinary cheap leather handbag, stamped in imitation of a leather bag, stamped in imitation of a leather bag. The police are now looking for its owner in the hope that he will be able to throw

some light on the mystery of the pistol shots."

When Dr. Murdock had finished reading, everybody, except Dunlap and Sturgis, looked disappointed. The former settled back in his chair, the muscles of his face relaxed, and the anxious bank president once more became the genial and polished man of the world. The reporter sat gazing thoughtfully at his wineglass.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said Murdock, "what do you think of my little problem?"

"I have already been assigned to work up this case for the Tempest," answered the reporter, quietly.

"Indeed? Perhaps you are the author of this very article? No? Then are you willing to make the solution of this little mystery the subject of our wager and the test of your theories?"

"Hold on, doctor," exclaimed Sprague; "you are doing Sturgis an injustice. Why pick out, as a test of his ability, a problem which, to all intents and purposes, has already been solved by the police? Give him some truly knotty question and he will be in his element; and then, at least, some interest will attach to your wager."

"Ah! you think the problem has already been solved?"

"To be sure. The article you have read is started out as if it were going to prove interesting; but, instead of that, it ends in an anti-climax. What is the crime here? The confessed theft, by a petty sneak thief, of a satchel worth, with its contents, perhaps eight or ten dollars. And where is the mystery? The ownership of a few pieces of unmarked linen of so little value that the owner does not care to take the trouble to claim them."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Sprague. While the crime in this case may be a petty theft, it contains, to my mind, interesting features, which you appear to lose sight of in your disdainful summary. The problem, it seems to me, involves a suitable explanation of two rather mysterious pistol shots, to say nothing of such minor details as lighted gas jets behind securely locked gates. As Mr. Sturgis has informed us, in his earnest and lucid way, every effect has a cause. I should like to know the cause that lighted the gas in the Knickerbocker bank."

"I shall probably find out that cause the day after to-morrow," said Mr. Dunlap, smiling, "and I shall give the fellow a talking to for his carelessness in forgetting to turn out the gas when he locked up."

"Mr. Dunlap's suggestion," continued Murdock, "is plausible in itself, and we might even assume that the same careless employe, after locking up the bank, forgot to close the outer door on the Wall street side. But even then, we have not disposed of the ownership of the satchel nor of the two pistol shots. The police theory that these shots were fired by bank robbers seems, I admit, very far-fetched. Professional cracksmen would hardly be likely to fire unless cornered; and then they would fire to kill or at least to disable. If their bullets failed to hit the mark, they would at any rate leave some trace."

[To Be Continued.]

ORIGIN OF SCUTAGE.

A Feudal Tax That Was Exact in the Time of Henry II. of England.

The tax or feudal payment known as "scutage" is in all our books described as a device introduced by Henry II. in 1156 or 1159, by which his tenants in chief, the feudal nobles of England, were allowed or required to pay a fixed sum in money in lieu of the fulfillment of the military requirements of their tenure, that is, to serve the king in the field with a certain number of followers. This, says the International Monthly, was supposed to have had the twofold advantage—indeed, to have been introduced for the twofold purpose—of providing the ambitious king with money with which to hire a more mobile and effective military force, and of weakening the military habits of the great vassals. It appears, however, on closer investigation, that scutages had been collected before the time of Henry II., and that they were not so much commutations of military service as a special form of feudal imposition scarcely distinguishable from the aid or the donum, though, it is true, collected when otherwise a summons to actual military service might have been expected. This is not the only instance where a closer study of the records has recently deprived famous rulers of the traditional credit of initiating far-reaching lines of policy.

Oh, Those Dear Girls.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "He proposed, but I had to refuse him."

"Ah!" exclaimed her dearest friend. "Then that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Brother Tom said the men at the club were all congratulating him on something or other last night."—Chicago Post.

Cause and Effect.

"I hear the tenor is laid up with a sprained ankle," said the church choir baritone.

"Yes," giggled the soprano. "He slipped up on an organ pedal."—Philadelphia Record.

How Commerce Works.

Grocer—Broomecorn has gone up. Clerk—What's that for?

Grocer—Why, stupid, to keep up with the way we've raised the price of brooms.—Chicago Record.

So They Do.

"Do people ever have corns anywhere except on their feet?"

"Why, yes; farmers have corn in their ears."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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LOCAL TIME CARD IN EFFECT DECEMBER 5th, 1898.

EAST BOUND.			
No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	No. 7.
Pass.	Pass.	Pass.	Mixed.
Lve Frankfort a . . . 7:00am	7:40pm	1:00pm	1:00pm
Lve Elkhorn . . . 7:11am	8:22pm	1:20pm	1:20pm
Lve Elkhorn . . . 7:18am	8:29pm	1:25pm	1:25pm
Lve Lexington Grd . . . 7:28am	8:39pm	1:35pm	1:35pm
Lve Davila . . . 7:34am	8:45pm	1:40pm	1:40pm
Lve Johnson . . . 7:39am	8:50pm	1:45pm	1:45pm
Lve Georgetown . . . 7:45am	8:56pm	1:50pm	1:50pm
Lve C S Ry Depot b . . . 7:50am	9:01pm	1:55pm	1:55pm
Lve Newtown . . . 8:17am	9:28pm	2:22pm	2:22pm
Lve Centerville . . . 8:25am	9:36pm	2:30pm	2:30pm
Lve Elkhorn . . . 8:30am	9:41pm	2:35pm	2:35pm
Arr Paris c . . . 8:40am	9:51pm	2:45pm	2:45pm

WEST BOUND.			
No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	No. 8.
Pass.	Pass.	Pass.	Mixed.
Lve Paris c . . . 9:00am	9:40pm	3:00pm	3:00pm
Lve Elkhorn . . . 9:10am	9:50pm	3:10pm	3:10pm
Lve Centerville . . . 9:15am	9:55pm	3:15pm	3:15pm
Lve Newtown . . . 9:25am	10:05pm	3:25pm	3:25pm
Lve C S Ry Depot b . . . 10:24am	10:17pm	3:50am	3:50am
Lve Georgetown . . . 10:32am	10:25pm	3:58am	3:58am
Lve Johnson . . . 10:37am	10:30pm	4:03am	4:03am
Lve Davila . . . 10:43am	10:36pm	4:09am	4:09am
Lve Stamping Grnd . . . 10:50am	10:43pm	4:16am	4:16am
Lve Elkhorn . . . 11:00am	10:53pm	4:26am	4:26am
Lve Elkhorn . . . 11:07am	10:59pm	4:33am	4:33am
Arr Frankfort a . . . 11:20am	11:07pm	4:46am	4:46am

Daily except Sunday. A connects with L. & N.; b connects with Q. & C.; c connects with Ky. Central.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL POINTS

P.M. A.M.	Lv.	Ar.	P.M. A.M.	Lv.	Ar.
8:40	7:30	Lv. Frankfort	Ar.	11:20	7:10
4:25	7:50	Lv. Georgetown	Ar.	10:28	6:37
5:10	8:40	Lv. Paris	Ar.	9:20	5:40
8:30	Ar.	Lv. Maysville	Ar.	5:45	1:25
6:16	11:42	Lv. Winchester	Ar.	7:09	2:55
7:24	1:00	Lv. Richmond	Ar.	6:01	2:00

GEO. B. HARPER, Gen'l Supt.
JOS. K. NEWTON, G. P. A.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.			
Lv.	Ar.	Lv.	Ar.
Lv Louisville . . . 8:30am	8:00pm	Lv Lexington . . . 11:15am	8:40pm
Lv Lexington . . . 11:15am	8:40pm	Lv Winchester . . . 11:58am	8:50pm
Lv Winchester . . . 11:58am	8:50pm	Lv New York . . . 12:40pm	8:50pm
Lv New York . . . 12:40pm	8:50pm	Lv New York . . . 12:40pm	8:50pm

WEST BOUND.			
Lv.	Ar.	Lv.	Ar.
Lv Winchester . . . 7:30am	4:50pm	Lv Lexington . . . 8:30am	3:45pm
Lv Lexington . . . 8:30am	3:45pm	Lv Lexington . . . 8:30am	3:45pm
Lv Lexington . . . 8:30am	3:45pm	Lv Lexington . . . 8:30am	3:45pm

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